THE BOURBON NEWS.

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THE HARBOR LIGHT.

How welcome o'er the sea that night
The twinkle of the harbor light;
A star that trembles on the foam
With beams of love and dreams of home.
The bells ring o'er the tossing bars—
The white sails dipped beneath the stars;
But fairer than all stars of night
The harbor light—the harbor light!

"O sailors singing in the spars
A merry challenge to the stars!
O captain, at whose glad command
Our brave ship leans toward the land!
Within far vine-clad cots of white
Love hears the sea-bells in the night;
Swift as a seagull's be our flight
Toward the light, the harbor light!"

And swift we sped from storm and gloom
To smiling shores of light and bloom;
The sorrow of the voyage past
Sang in the joy of Home at last!
Home! where the ships in shelter rest;
Home! where the light—the love is best;
Over the plunging seas of night
Love's blessing in the harbor light!

O ships that in the darkness roam,
Sweet sing the harbor bells of Home;
Though far the shore—the voyage long,
The dark will drift to morning song;
The bells sing o'er the tossing bars—
The sails bend sure beneath the stars;
Still—still the distant shore we sight
And gain the light—the harbor light!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Enthralled by Music.

BUT the major looked reflectively at the rising spiral of smoke and said he didn't know about that.

The man who had appealed to him because he was an expert for corroboration of his argument seemed surprised.

"Why, you don't mean to say there's anything serious in his claim, do you?" he inquired. "It's square against nature."

"That doesn't prove that it isn't possible?" the major answered. "Of course it's a wonderful thing which he gives out as truth, but a man of Prof. Schenck's standing is entitled to claim almost anything and then to fool us all by proving it."

"Well," said the other, who was a company captain and not in the medical corps, "I can only look upon it as preposterous. It's interesting, you know—rarely interesting. It's as good a story as that of Orpheus and the rocks and trees and things which he called to him by his playing. Yes, and to my mind there's just about as much fact in it."

The major leaned back in his chair and the lamplight of the clubroom, falling upon his golden oak leaves and upon his calm, thought-concealing face, illuminated the last traces of a small smile which flitted across and was gone.

"The Orpheus business isn't impossible, either, Kennedy," he said. "Oh, I am not poking fun, old man. I'm sericus about it. Indeed I am. I've always had a wholesome respect for the yarn about those animated rocks—that is, always since the incident of Wheeler and of the private who killed him. And, by the same token, right there is a case of pre-natal influence that might fit in with our talk."

Capt. Kennedy debated no further. He was a philosopher in his way, and he resolved that he would rather hear a story than triumph as a logician. The other officers joined him in asking the major to go right ahead with his illustration.

"I was stationed down in—well, let's let names and dates go," he began. "Anyhow, it was years ago and it was far enough away to be beyond all present reach. A wild country, not mountainous so much as desert and volcanic. Great cinders of rocks burned under a sun which was in business all the time, and the uplands were rough, jagged and untravelable, like junior Himalayas made of coke. Still, all this has nothing to do with the story. It only comes back to me now because I remember what a time of it we had finding anything fit to be made into a respectable cemetery when we buried Lieut. Wheeler, who, as I said, had been killed by one of his own men, a fellow named Soulji—Italian, maybe; Austrian, Spaniard; something out of the common run of city enlisted men.

It was Soulji who acted under the prenatal influence. The first time I noticed this was on a day when one of his companions had been kicked by a horse and nearly killed. The victim was carried to the post hospital—a meager sort of institution, as you can imagine—and Soulji was detailed to go to my quarters and notify me. He came hurrying over to my house and was about to turn up the steps when my nine-year-old boy, who was sitting on the stoop with a mouth organ for company, started some kind of tune. He couldn't play with any skill or art, but as soon as Soulji heard the first note he took off his cap and stood like a statue, listening. The boy kept on playing, and at last the attention of somebody in the house was called to the soldier. He was a statue, I tell you—just a perfect statue; immovable, rapt, attentive. An hour or so afterward I went to the window and saw he was still there listening, listening, listening, while the boy quavered and exploded up and down the instrument.

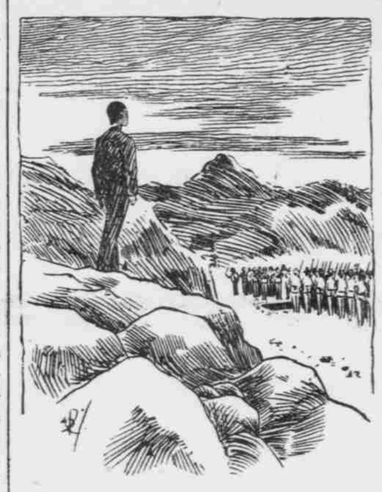
"As I viewed him this last time a sergeant came hurrying up to the house, and, seeing Soulji, spoke, as it seemed to me from his actions, rebukingly. Soulji struck him and was arrested. His guardhouse term was, I imagine, for the combination offense of striking the sergeant and of failing to deliver the sick call to me. Others in the post wondered at the man's conduct, but as I thought it over it seemed to me that perhaps there was something more than mere inattention and insubordination in his having given himself so entirely to the boy's mouth organ music, and I questioned him.

"He wouldn't talk about it at first, but after awhile he told me. As I had half suspected, music was a passion—yes, more than that—a life principle—with him. Music of any kind overpowered him—enslaved him. He couldn't resist it. Every sense but that of hearing left him when a cornet sounded. The bugle calls thrilled and and mastered him. And the oddest part of it all was that he couldn't play any kind of an instrument. Not one. Couldn't even whistle a tune. The whole thing was purely objective to him. Then, as well as he could, he explained it to me, but I deduced most of the story. His mother had been married to a musician who was destined to become famous. Everybody had said so; all predicted great fame for him. But he died before the boy was born, and the mother, determining that the greatness which the father missed should come to the son, gave her whole soul to the task of forming his nature after the fashion of what the dead man had hoped to be. She went crazy on the subject, and the child was born in a madhouse. He grew, receptively musical—inordinately so—but he hadn't the slightest trace of the creative power.

"He told me that my boy's mouth organ had driven all thought of his hospital errand out of his mind, and when the sergeant came and interrupted his devotions he wanted to kill him.

"Well, that's really what happened later. The band was at practice one night and Soulji, as usual, was listening. Lieut. Wheeler, coming along, called the man to him, no one knows for what purpose. He refused to hear his superior, and Wheeler walked over to him and spoke to him again, rather sharply, I imagine. Soulji turned on him and beat him to death. When the guard found him the officer had just strength enough to name his murderer, and died.

"The man-hunt which was carried on during all that night, the next day and the following night was a thing long to be remembered. I might say that the ordinary discipline and routine of the garrison was abandoned for the time, and all hands were out in the search. The soldiers did not like Soulji on account of his mysterious and uncanny ways, while Wheeler was a beloved officer. The utter lack of reason for the murder was another infuriating thing. So, very, very much like a mob the command spread over the country and into the coke-built mountains and the old volcanoes and water-holes and searched for the missing man. It was all in vain, however. The morning of the second day came and we had to acknowledge that he had got away across the line to the south. So the chase was discontinued and the command was set in readiness for giving Wheeler a soldier's funeral. We sought out as favorable a spot as we could, a sort of sentinel point above a little, scalding thread of a river, and there, where the only patch of green in all the area we had traversed was to be found, we dug his grave. The command marched down from the post, a matter, I should say, of five miles. It was too long a distance



SOULJI WALKED INTO THE MIDST OF US.

in that oven of a country for the continued playing of the band, so the colonel directed the leader to hold back until we got to the top of the hill. He did that, and as we drew near to the place of the burial the massive notes of Chopin's funeral march reverberated and echoed from the rocks and heights. I am not a musician and cannot speak technically of these things, but it was a marvelous occasion. The band seemed to gather inspiration from the wild surroundings and such music I never heard. Then, just when you were feeling how great and vast the world is and how small is a man and his life and how little he has to expect now or hereafter, there was a change from all that, and a sweet softness rose, and one could almost see Hope coming up out of the desert to greet poor, dead Wheeler. The band marched on to the open grave and swung around, still playing, and at that very moment a face appeared above the overhanging promontory ledge, and as we all stood, surprised into utter inability to speak or move, a soldier form appeared and Soulji, head high and eyes wide, walked into the midst of us.

"Soulji told me on the night before his execution, four months later, that he could have escaped, but he had a soldier's knowledge of the burial service of an officer, and he wanted to hear the band play once more. Lingering in an unknown cave just over the ledge he had waited and waiting had been drawn out of his hiding place by the irresistible control which governed him.

"I had already told the jury of this man's strange influence and had hinted that he wasn't accountable, but they thought otherwise. That was why Soulji was frank with me, I think."—Chicago Record.

—George Salting has loaned to the British museum a reliquary of gold containing, according to tradition, a thorn from the crown of thorns. It has been placed in the gold ornament room.

IS THE DAY GROWING LONGER?

A Noted Scientist's Views on This Interesting Subject.

One of the most interesting subjects discussed by Prof. George Darwin during his recent visit to this country was that of the possible and probable increase in the length of the day.

When once the earth is in motion about an axis, no matter how the motion came about, it would continue forever, and at the same rate, thus making the day always the same length, unless something is happening or will happen to interfere with that motion. Now there are several causes in operation which affect the period of the earth's rotation, some of which tend to make the period less, and others to make it greater. Fortunately the influence of each of the causes is very small. They are generally easy to understand; and a simple experiment will illustrate one of them.

Tie a stone to one end of a string, and holding the other in the hand, whirl it around as nearly as may be in the circumference of a cycle; when its speed is nearly uniform, allow the string to wind up on the finger. It will be noticed that as the string shortens, the angular velocity increases. In the same way, if the matter forming the earth should in any way be drawn nearer the axis of rotation, it would turn faster, and the day would be shortened.

By continual loss of heat a shrinkage of the earth is probably in progress; and although the process is exceedingly slow, it certainly tends to diminish the period of rotation. On the other hand, any addition of matter from the outside will tend to increase that period and make the day longer. Undoubtedly slight additions to the mass of the earth are constantly made by the arrest of meteoric bodies passing through the atmosphere. Their influence is opposed to and tends to neutralize that of any earth-shrinkage that may be going on.

The most important interference with the rotation of the earth that we know of is that of the tidal wave, which is due to the attraction of the sun and moon, but more largely to the latter. It is easy to see that this is a resistance against which the earth turns, and its effect is to increase the length of the day.

Astronomical observations extending over about 2,000 years have failed to show any sensible change in the day, but the influence of the tides must become evident after the lapse of a great many years. Prof. Darwin declares that the day may lengthen until it is at last 50 times as long as it is at present; and that would also be the period of the revolution of the moon about the earth.

A day of 1,320 hours, such hours as we now have, would offer many interesting advantages, but there would be something about it not altogether agreeable. As it is not likely to come for some millions of years, it is not a matter of immediate anxiety.—Youth's Companion.

KLONDIKE "FREIGHT CARS."

A Name for Women and Dogs That "Pack" Loads.

A young man who is in charge of a party of gold-seekers on the route to the Klondike sends a full account by letter to a companion in Spokane of the means by which he has been transporting his supplies northward. One of these means was a pack-dog which has been denominated, on account of his importance, a "Klondike freight car."

"He is not a large dog," says the letter-writer, "but he will pack 75 pounds through the snow after the snowshoes have made the trail. Dogs that will pack 40 or 50 pounds are common.

"The Indians at Madison Creek move everything with dogs. They handled something like 1,000,000 feet of logs in that way last season. Some of the logs were 40 feet long and 5 feet in diameter. They use no horses in this country in winter. The dogs are fed only at night, and then but half of a dried salmon. The natives live on the same food.

"The priest is the high ruler among them. It was he who caused this year's extra supply of fish to be kept; he told them to put up enough for two years. Now they eat the fish they caught the summer before last. It is not uncommon to see fish piled as high as 25 to 30 feet, all dried. It rests on posts set in the ground, and on the top of the posts are kettles to keep mice and squirrels from getting at the fish."

Another Klondike "freight car" which this expedition came across was a "klootchman," or Indian woman, who did not weigh more than 125 pounds, but who would, nevertheless, carry a barrel of provisions weighing not less than 150 pounds, nailed to a board and the board strapped on her back. With this burden she marched 30 miles between daylight and dark, making camp at night, and keeping it up.

The Americans who have taken the Klondike trail need no convincing that the notion that "an Indian won't work" is a fallacy. But for Indian packers, male and female, no gold would have been brought out of Alaska, for no supplies for the miners could have been taken in.—Youth's Companion.

Reefing the Washing.

"Christmas!" said the old salt as he looked out of the back window of the tenement he inhabits ashore, at the washing flapping on the pulley line, in a heavy gale. "Why don't you reef 'em?" And when Mrs. Salt had the next lineful ready, he hung them out. He folded everything double before putting it over the line, so that everything was close reefed, so to speak, but in that wind the things dried quickly enough so folded, and they were far less likely to be torn or blown away.—N. Y. Sun.

Klondike Heat.

Icicle Sam—That was quite a thaw we had yesterday.

Frostbitten Pete—It was, indeed; my thermometer rose to 30 degrees below zero.—N. Y. Journal.

HENRY GEORGE'S RIDE.

An Incident of the Distinguished Single Taxer's Visit to Detroit.

Three or four years ago the late Henry George took a vacation and visited his old friend, Tom L. Johnson, in Cleveland. Johnson having business in Detroit, the two came here and put up at the Cadillac, so as to be together as much as possible. While Johnson was engaged in his street railway affairs, a local admirer of the philosopher was called in to attend him on a bicycle ride. It was a time when bicycles were not so commonly kept for rent as they are now, and that afternoon one was not to be had at any of the stores for love or money. The Detroit single taxer, after whirling around among the shops and everywhere meeting with failure, was at his wit's end to get a wheel for Henry George, and was pedaling towards the Cadillac in despair, when he met another single taxer, who was also astride a bicycle.

Jumping off the first one exclaimed: "Here, get off that wheel—I must have it."

"I like that," was the reply of the other, as he dismounted. "Why, I am going out in the northeastern part of the city on important business."

"Well, you'll have to walk. I am going to take that wheel, even if I have to do it by force."

"You couldn't have this wheel to-day for $50 I tell you. I am in a hurry, and can't walk so far, anyway. I am lame and it's two miles from a street car line where I am going."

"I am going to take it whether or no."

"I'd like to see you try it. Why don't you rent one?"

"I have tried, but it's no use. Come, let me have it."

"I guess not."

"You must—Henry George is at the Cadillac, and I have promised to take him bicycling."

"Oh, it's for Henry George, is it? Well, I guess you may take it. I'll walk. But I wouldn't let it go for the president of the United States."

Both wheels were taken to the Cadillac, and the man with short legs and massive head known as Henry George appeared, arrayed in a long and heavy Prince Albert coat. It was warm day, and the coat was not suitable for such an expedition.

"What shall I do?" he asked, looking at his long coat, humorously.

Then an idea struck him. Leaving his wheel at the curbstone, he darted across Michigan avenue and disappeared in a second-hand clothing store. He soon came out carrying his Prince Albert coat in his arms and wearing a most comical and cheap brown alpaca coat, but his gentle and kind face bore a charming smile. Henry George cared little about his personal appearance, and he wheeled out Woodward avenue around the western boulevard apparently unconscious of the figure he made.—Detroit Free Press.

MISTAKES OF MODERN WOMAN.

Her Over-Conscientiousness Very Often Amounts to Selfishness.

The modern woman is conscientious to a fault, but she feels responsible for many affairs that her grandmother calmly left to the Supreme Power. She does not wish to resign any of her old prerogatives, but she does want to assume every new one that comes within her reach. But there is a side to the question that has not received serious enough consideration. Woman's will and ambition are unlimited, but her nerve-power is limited. Nothing so speedily wastes this, our most precious possession, as the stress and anxiety that follows the attempt to crowd too many things into our lives, and things that are essentially incongruous; never meant to belong together. It is an exceptionally sane mind that adheres to its own special duties, and leaves to others what belongs of right to them. The vaulting ambition of the feminine mind should not overleap the practical consideration of altruism. It is selfish to want to perform all the work of the world. We owe it to men not to force them to degenrate into a race of shirks. Besides, there is another thing to be thought of. It would be unpleasant for us if they altogether forgot how to work by the time we are ready to give something up for them to do.—Florence Hull Winterburn, in Woman's Home Companion.

Kitchen Measures.

Young housekeppers are frequently both puzzled and annoyed by the different terms used in different cook books. Generally all ingredients are measured by the cup, pint and quart. So when an author advises that one put a half pound of sugar into a certain preparation the uninitiated housewife is seized with despair when she recalls the fact that her scales are broken or that she has none. One woman who insists that "measuring with a cup and spoon is good enough" for her had the following rules copied on the typewriter, and tacked on her kitchen wall: One pound of liquids equals one pint. One ounce of flour equals two tablespoonfuls. One pound of butter equals two cupsful. One pound of flour equals two large cupsful. One pound of powdered sugar equals 2½ cupsful.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Time to Exercise.

Early morning exercise is denounced nowadays by the majority of hygienic teachers. At that time, they say, vitality is at its lowest ebb, and needs the stimulation of food. About mid-afternoon is the best time for gentle outdoor exercise. At this time, too, it is most desirable that mental labor should cease.—N. Y. Post.

For an Emergency.

A large square of plate glass bound around with ribbon makes a useful present for a traveler. The glass is a little larger square than a pocket handkerchief, and upon it the economical one presses carefully the handkerchief which she has washed and rinsed, and it dries with a smooth surface like a piece of new linen.—Chicago Tribune.

DIVIDED SILK PETTICOATS.

Frills and Lace and Rosettes of Many Colors on Lingerie.

Evening petticoats, to give them the old-fashioned name that has been ousted by the more modern "underskirt," are quite regal in their magnificence this winter, and rich brocades, and the finest glaces are trimmed profusely with lace and chiffon frills. An evening skirt that deserves mention is of heavy satin duchesse in an ivory shade, with a bottom flounce of kilted ivory lace, with two frills of accordion-plaited chiffon falling over that again, their colors being palest green, with faint rose-pink forming the upper flounce.

A ruche of frayed-out green and pink silk finished the top of the flounce, and above this again were vandyked rows of valenciennes lace insertion laid alternately over green and pink satin ribbon of the same width. The insertion was laid off with a narrow lace beading, through which was threaded bebe ribbon of pale green and pink, which broke out at intervals into pretty little fussy rosettes of the two colors blended.

Yet another pretty garment to be seen is of rose-red glace silk of the richest description, with two foamy flounces of kilted glace, covered in their turn with kilted rose-red chiffon with an edge trimming of cream lace headed with insertion.

A black brocade, with pattern of fleur-de-lis and their leaves, has an under flounce of heliotrope kilted silk, covered with two flounces of plaited black lace, threaded with heliotrope and green narrow ribbons, and headed with a wide black lace insertion that gives opportunity for the introduction of heliotrope satin ribbon, which is finished at intervals with hanging bows. A pale blue glace silk skirt, with a plain flounce of the same, is made beautiful by this flounce being covered with inch-wide frills of cream plaited chiffon edged with blue velvet bebe ribbon.

Divided skirts for evening wear are very pretty garments in satin or rich silk, with the legs very wide, and fully frilled with lace, chiffon or kilted silk, and to those who delight in divided skirts these garments are just the prettiest wear possible, for they do not look very different to ordinary skirts, on account of their very full frills at the edge. But to insure the proper and elegant fall of the outer skirt, there is nothing to surpass a well-hung petticoat with full outstanding flounces.—St. Paul's.

NOVEL VALENTINE DINNER.

A Unique Affair as Enjoyed by a Sojourner in Denmark.

In Denmark our well-known snowdrop, one of the earliest messengers of spring, has been since olden days held sacred to St. Valentine.

On that auspicious eve the Danish lover sends his lady a bunch of snowdrops (vinter-gjaeks, winter-jokes they are called, because they peep out while it is yet winter, and try to hoax people into thinking spring has come), with a card attached, bearing a verse or sentiment and as many pin-pricks as there are letters in his name. If she cannot guess the name from this clew she is fooled (gjakket), and at Easter must pay the sender a forfeit of colored eggs.

This quaint bit of folk-lore was used in a novel Valentine dinner.

The invitations, bearing a bunch of painted snow-drops in one corner, bespoke our presence at a "Danish Valentine dinner."

Cherry and white are the national colors of Denmark, and these had been used with beautiful effect in the dining-room. The ferns were banked with dainty effect. The menu cards were shaped like hearts, tied with a knot of cherry ribbon and edged with painted snowdrops.

Across the top in gold letters was the word "welbekomin" (may it agree with you).

It is the custom in old Danish households for the hostess to shake the hand of each guest leaving the table and say: "Welbekomin;" but our hostess found it too long a mouthful, so it was written above the menu instead.

At each place was a tiny heart-shaped cup of cherry crepe paper, holding a little bunch of snowdrops. The ices were in the shape of hearts with a candied cherry in the center of each. Heart-shaped cakes were iced in pink, and mingled in the salad were tiny hearts cut from slices of red beef.

When we were all assembled in the parlor the little daughter of the house came in, dressed as a fairy, with a basket, from which she gave us each a square white envelope inclosing a card.

A knot of snowdrops was tied in one corner with cherry ribbon, while below was a verse and numerous pin pricks. We were asked to guess from these the name of the one who was to take us in to dinner.—Sharlot M. Hall, in What-to-Eat.

Recipe for a Delicious Chocolate Pie.

Line two deep piepans with a rich, short crust, prick with a fork to prevent blistering, and bake a delicate brown. When cold, fill with the following: Four eggs, one-half pint of sugar, two ounces of good chocolate, grated, one quart of milk, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the yolks well with the sugar, less two tablespoonfuls, add the chocolate, less one heaping tablespoonful, then the milk, heated to boiling, and boil in a double boiler until it thickens. When cold, flavor and fill in the pies. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually add the two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of chocolate. Spread on top of pies and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. Serve cold.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Way to Scallop Apples.

Pare and cut the apples into slices; put them in a baking pan with a layer of coarse breadcrumbs between the layers of apples, having the top layer of crumbs. Put two tablespoonfuls of molasses into half a cupful of water; pour the mixture over; bake in a moderate oven.—Ladies' Home Journal.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Pasteur's widow has taken up her residence at the institute bearing her husband's name, and is in receipt of a pension of $5,000 a year.

—There is talk in Hartford of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of Henry Clay Work, the author of "Marching Through Georgia."

—Mrs. Paul Breen, of San Francisco, has given $30,000 for the construction of an arch in Golden Gate park, to be a memorial to her husband and sons.

—William Tyler, who has just died at Conkling, Tenn., at the age of 85 years, was a nephew of President Tyler. He was born and spent his whole life in a house once owned by John Sevier.

That famous old Parisian dandy, Prince de Sagan, is said to have recovered his health sufficiently to have prepared for a journey to Cannes, whither he will be accompanied by the princess.

—Mark Twain has been studying the career of Cecil Rhodes, the South African millionaire, and sums up his conclusions as follows: "I admire him. I frankly confess it; and when his time comes I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake."

Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, has purchased one of the finest homesteads in the Ohio valley, about ten miles from Pittsburgh, and will hereafter live there. The senator's abandonment of Beaver county, where he began his political career, for Alleghany, the stronghold of his opponent, "Chris" Magee, is a cause of wonder to Pennsylvania.

LAUGH MAY CONTAIN A LESSON.

Suggested Improvement for Leaving Street Cars Offered Women.

"Very ludicrous, certainly, but yet it is not quite the proper thing to laugh so loudly that she can hear you."

It was a strong-faced old man who gave expression to the above while standing on the corner of State and Madison streets one evening lately. He referred to the great discomfiture which overcame a pretty little woman who, like most of her sex, managed to get off a street car the wrong way. In alighting she turned her back on the still moving train, and as a result she was left sprawling in the damp street the observed of hundreds of eyes. Her light-colored dress was irretrievably ruined and her flying ribbons slapped and fluttered in the little puddles made by the melting snow.

And her face! It was clothed in as crimson a color as a full-blown hollyhock. Four or five men leaped to her assistance and in a jiffy had the little woman upon her feet. But she did not thank them. Not a word. She just kept her eyes on the ground and, with a wild and startled bound, leaped for the sidewalk, and in a moment disappeared within the capacious doors of one of the bazaars near by. Then those big, bearded pirates who a moment before were all grace and tenderness in their solicitude began to roar.

"Not exactly right to laugh," continued the old man who had witnessed every phase of the above incident, "but it can hardly be helped under the circumstances. If women will persist in getting off the cars contrary to the manner in which they should, why, they must expect to take a tumble. But even with one mistake, if they would only be careful in the future it certainly does seem to me that they might avoid their very annoying acrobatic feats."

"Well, sir," put in one of the men who had assisted the little woman to her feet, "the only reason I can figure out their persistence in jumping off cars in reverse is because they see newsboys and street car employes do it. I have seen one of these boys drop off a car going at full speed, alight on one foot and retain to perfection his equilibrium. How he manages to do it is past my comprehension. The momentum is such that it would topple me over like the proverbial load of apple sauce."

"But there are women who alight with as much ease and as gracefully as the men," said another. "These are the younger women—those of the athletic or new woman type. They never ask the conductor to stop his car, either coming or going, but if you watch 'em you'll see that they jump manfashion. In my opinion I do not consider myself at all ungallant. These awkward women should be laughed at. It may teach them better sense for the next jump. Let them wait until the cars slow up."

"That's what they ought to do," interposed the old man as he turned to leave, "and if they don't do it they ought to tumble about the streets. It's not the conductor's fault, though I don't approve of his and the gripman's loud guffaws as they pull away from the floundering heap of ribbons and lingerie.

"Ought to have charts posted in the cars giving an illustration of the right way to jump," added another, as with a parting roar the hard-hearted fellows drifted away to their various objective points.—Chicago Chronicle.

Asia's Secrets.

Asia is generally regarded as having been the earliest home of man, yet its interior is still one of the most mysterious parts of the globe. That many unknown things remain to be discovered there is indicated by the results of the recent journeys of Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer. In the region containing the lake called Lob Nor he came upon a tribe of half-savage shepherds who were unknown even to the Chinese. And besides more than a score of salt-water lakes, and the ruins of two ancient cities, he discovered a great range of mountains, whose liftiest peak, named by him Mount Oscar, is 24,000 feet high, nearly 8,000 feet higher than Mount Blanc, the giant of the Alps.—Youth's Companion.

Club Talk.

Bob Keyworth—Here is a new paper offering a prize of $50 for the best-written love letter.

Mr. Rounder (who is being sued for breach of promise)—I'd give ten times that much to get some of mine back.—Tammany Times.